

Why Will You Pass a Good Thing?
STOP AND SEE
 OUR
 GENT'S,
 LADY'S,
 MISS'S,
 CHILDREN'S,
 AND
 BABY'S
SHOES
 I Can Fit Them All



WEARS LIKE IRON

J. F. GANSCHOW,
 THE OLD RELIABLE
FEET FITTER
 McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

THE MARATHON RACE.

The Wild Excitement of the Greeks When Their Countrymen Won It.

The Greeks are novices in the matter of athletic sports and had not looked for much success for their own country. One event only seemed likely to be theirs from its very nature—the long distance run from Marathon, a prize for which has been newly founded by M. Michel Breal, a member of the French institute, in commemoration of that soldier of antiquity who ran all the way to Athens to tell his fellow citizens of the happy issue of the battle. The distance from Marathon to Athens is 42 kilometers. The road is rough and stony. The Greeks had trained for this run for a year past. Even in the remote districts of Thessaly young peasants prepared to enter as contestants. In three cases it is said that the enthusiasm and the inexperience of these young fellows cost them their lives, so exaggerated were their preparatory efforts. As the great day approached women offered up prayers and votive tapers in the churches that the victor might be a Greek.

The wish was fulfilled. A young peasant named Lones from the village of Marousi was the winner in 2 hours and 55 minutes. He reached the goal fresh and in fine form. He was followed by two other Greeks. The excellent Australian sprinter Flack and the Frenchman Lermusiaux, who had been in the lead the first 35 kilometers, had fallen out by the way. When Lones came into the stadium, the crowd, which numbered 60,000 persons, rose to its feet like one man, swayed by extraordinary excitement. The king of Serbia, who was present, will probably not forget the sight he saw that day. A flight of white pigeons was let loose, women waved fans and handkerchiefs, and some of the spectators who were nearest to Lones left their seats and tried to reach him and carry him in triumph. He would have been suffocated if the crown prince and Prince George had not bodily led him away. A lady who stood next to me unfastened her watch, a gold one set with pearls, and sent it to him; an innkeeper presented him with an order good for 365 free meals, and a wealthy citizen had to be dissuaded from signing a check for 10,000 francs to his credit. Lones himself, however, when he was told of this generous offer, refused it. The sense of honor, which is very strong in the Greek peasant, thus saved the nonprofessional spirit from a very great danger. — "The Olympic Games of 1896," by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, in Century.

Good Nature and Justice.

Foreigners are frequently impressed with the extreme good nature of our people in trying circumstances and the patience with which they endure hardships and discomforts which spring from thoughtlessness and injustice. Now, patience and good nature are excellent qualities, and the field for their exercise is a wide one. The grumbling disposition, which fruitlessly complains of and magnifies each passing annoyance, disquieting and irritating every one in the vicinity, is worthy of sincere reprobation. At the same time there are limits beyond which an easy good nature ceases to be a virtue. We plume ourselves upon it and compare its soothing effects with the influence stirred up by an opposite course, to the entire advantage of the former. And in this we are correct just as long as it does not pander to injustice.

To smile indulgently at a wrong that calls for correction, to bear with equanimity what ought never to be borne at all, to submit patiently to evils that spring from unfairness and to influence others to do the same plainly tend to foster the continuance of wrongdoing and to make those engaged in it self satisfied and secure. Patient endurance, so estimable under certain circumstances, may under others be an actual injury to society. From the resistance to an injurious fashion or custom up to the correction of grave abuses, the earnest seeker after justice is a true philanthropist and demands the esteem and co-operation of his fellow men. — Philadelphia Ledger.

Tobacco and Color Blindness.

"Color blindness is on the increase," said Dr. D. L. Bliss of New York. "The causes of this defect in vision that may be otherwise perfect are not all very well understood. It would seem that the use of tobacco had a good deal to do with it. I have examined a great many for color blindness, having on several occasions been employed by railroad companies to do so, and in every instance where the man examined was found to be color blind he was a user of tobacco. Women are seldom afflicted in this way, hence it must be caused by something that men do which women do not. What cases exist among women will be found to be inherited from male ancestors. I have never known a woman to be color blind whose father was free from the defect. I am a smoker and my perceptions of color are unusually good, so that it is not impossible that a man may use tobacco without such an effect, but I believe a large proportion of the cases are caused by tobacco." — Washington Star.

Time Occupied by Dreams.

The time occupied by a dream is one of the marvels of sleep. In the work entitled "The Philosophy of Mystery" we read of a man who dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier; that he had joined his regiment and traveled to a foreign country; that he finally deserted on account of the harsh treatment he had received at the hands of his superior officers; that he had been apprehended and carried back to his regiment; that upon arriving there he was tried by court martial, condemned to be shot and was led out for execution. At this moment the guns of the executioners exploded, and the sound awoke the dreamer. It was clear now that a loud noise in an adjoining room had both produced the dream and awakened the dreamer almost at the same moment.

PLEASE LET US GO AND PLAY.

While working at my desk today,
 Striving to put my thoughts in rhyme,
 I heard my little children say
 What I oft said in olden time,
 Before my hair had turned to gray,
 Before time's wrinkles creased my brow,
 "Please, mother, do not keep us now,
 But let us go and play!"

Their plaintive voices came to me
 From the adjoining chamber, where
 Both wife and children I could see—
 When seated in my easy chair
 She kissed them tenderly, and sneezed
 With joyous shouts went to their game.
 They could not hear my heart exclaim,
 "Oh, would that we could play!"

O God, I pray that thou wilt leave
 Their mother here "till my boys
 Can comprehend that they but grieve
 Themselves when they leave her for toys!
 Oh, they'll remember when they pray
 For their dear mother, when she's dead,
 How often they to her have said,
 "Please let us go and play!"

Aye, in this life from day to day
 Unknowingly we oft disdain
 Our blessings, and but wish for pain
 When we scorn sacrifice for play.
 —Doone F. Lemmy in Washington Star.

HATS OFF TO GENTLEMEN.

What Did the Girls Mean by Their Remarks in the Elevator?

They entered the elevator together. They were dressed alike. They wore felt hats and coats, not unlike the sack coats worn by men, which, open in front, disclosed waistcoats. A turndown collar was around the throat of each, with small black neckties. They didn't wear trousers or even bloomers, but their skirts were close fitting, and every man in the elevator knew instinctively that they were coveting the coverings which they had for their limbs. They wore their hair cut short.

When they entered, the men simply stared at them. No one ventured to remove his hat in accordance with the time honored custom which provides that in that way men should show their deference to the members of the opposite sex. Perhaps they were too surprised at the apparition. Perhaps they thought that the women, being unusually strong minded, would be vexed instead of pleased at the mark of politeness to a woman. There are such women, it is said, although very few persons have ever seen any of them.

Whatever might have been passing through the men's minds in the few seconds which the journey from top to bottom required, they were awakened from their reveries when one of the young women exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Joan, why don't you take off your hat? Don't you see that we are in the presence of gentlemen?"

That remark served to cause every man in the car to turn red and white by turns. Every man's hand went instinctively to his hat, but all but one were quickly stopped. The exception removed his hat and was evidently embarrassed because he had unconsciously taken the hint.

But he took his revenge. In an ordinary tone of voice he remarked to another man:

"It is so hard nowadays to tell men from women that I am not surprised at their mistake, nor at ours."

Some scathing retort might have been made, but just then the elevator stopped and every man rushed from the car whether it was his floor or not. — Chicago Times-Herald.

The Dreaded Germ.

At the British association Dr. Kantschak, who speaks with great authority on the subject, read a paper on "Bacteria in Food," in which he pointed out that one might swallow any amount of micro-organisms with food without any injury. Milk ordinarily contains about a million germs per cubic centimeter, in sandwiches they are too numerous to count, oysters teem with them, and ices from a fashionable confectioner's were found to contain from 10,000,000 to 14,000,000, or considerably more than the much abused Italian street vender's wares. There is not the least doubt in the world that we eat, drink and breathe any quantity of germs without suffering in the smallest degree, day by day, unless the germ happen to be of a particular sort and to meet with a suitable soil. All the "scientific" fuss about the necessity of boiling this and sterilizing that in order to kill the germs is a piece of unscientific babble founded upon a set of theoretic assumptions which take no account of actual everyday facts. Of course the bacteriologists will not admit their mistake without a struggle, and Dr. Kantschak met with a good deal of criticism. Nevertheless he is right, and one of these days every one will be saying the same thing. — St. James Gazette.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

The archbishop of Canterbury is referred to as "his grace," and he writes himself archbishop, etc., "divina providentia," whereas other prelates use the phrase "divina permissione." He is the first peer in the realm. At coronations he places the crown on the head of the sovereign, and the king and queen are his domestic parishioners. The bishop of London is his provincial dean, the bishop of Winchester his subdean, the bishop of Lincoln his chancellor, and the bishop of Rochester his chaplain.

A Carlyle Anecdote.

A Scotch visitor to the Carlyles in Cheyne row was much struck with the soundproof room which the sage had contrived for himself in the attic, lighted from the top, and where no sight or sound from outside could penetrate. "My certes, this is fine," cried the old friend, with unconscious sarcasm. "Here ye may write and study all the rest of your life, and no human being be one bit the wiser." — Household Words.

Louis XVIII of France was ironically styled by his subjects the Desired. He was forced upon them by the allied armies.

The name "barleycorn," in long measure, arose from the use of this grain as a measure of distance.

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